When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania wak't, and straight way lou'd an Asse.
Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuise.
But hast thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping, (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his side;
That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.
Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.
Ob. Stand close: this is the same *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.
Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worse,
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse.
If thou hast slaine *Lysander*, in his sleepe;
Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill me
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As hee to mee. Would hee haue stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as soone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou hast murdred him.
So should a murtherer looke; so dead, so grimme.
Dem. So should the murthered looke, and so should I,
Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering spheare.
Her. Whats this to my *Lysander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?
Deme. I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O,

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my
Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being
And hast thou kild him, sleeping? O br
Could not a worme, an Adder do so m
An Adder did it: For with doubler t
Then thyne (thou serpent) neuer Adde
Deme. You spende your passion, on
I am not guilty of *Lysanders* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tel
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that
De. And if I could, what should I g
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see mee
And from thy hated presence part I:
Whether he be dead or no.
Deme. There is no following her in
Heere therefore, for a while, I will ren
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier
For debt that bankrout slippe doth sor
Which now in some slight measure it w
If for his tender here I make some stay
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast
And laid the loue iuice on some true lo
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turnd, and not a false t
Robi. Then fate ore rules, that one m
A million faile, confounding oath on o
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter the
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou find
All fancy sicke she is and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fres
By some illusion see thou bring her her
Ile charme his eyes, against she doe ap
Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I go
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* b
Ob. Flower of this purple dy,

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29